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lie here and in London, and the end finds place in this Cornish land, "indescribably desolate, inhumanly lonely, yet with a magical fascination of its own."

THE LITERARY GUILLOTINE. Published by John Lane, The Bodley Head, New York and London. MCMIII.

One thing the author of "The Literary Guillotine" was wise enough to do for himself—he selected peculiarly vulnerable characters as the defendants in his cases of "*lèse-majesté* to the cause of letters." Although he has been prevented sometimes from carrying out the sentence of court to strike the literary heads from the shoulders of certain offenders by the fact that they had not any to chop off, he has at least not been prevented from rapping with considerable sprightliness upon one or two right soft spots.

The intensely moral and the pleasantly innocuous are what our satirist mainly dislikes. He objects to the effeminating of the nation, and violent excitement is produced during the process of one case by the whole jury turning into women while reading as testimony a certain remarkably popular book of last year. The lack of good English as a vehicle of talented expression is also deplored. "Stephen Brice," apropos of the use of the subjunctive mood, remembered asking himself "whether that 'were' were right or was wrong," and Mark Twain soothed him by saying: "Fortunately it's not necessary for an author to be able to write grammatically nowadays; we haven't time for education." For offhand work the volume is bright and sketchy, but the effort is discernible and the hits are somewhat bald. Authors often do not think we have feeling, but demonstrate without end that they have it themselves.

THE CARDINAL'S SNUFFBOX. By Henry Harland. Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst. John Lane: London and New York. MDCCCIII.

The wonderful sale of this brightly fancied love tale of sunny Italy has been the publisher's justification for presenting to the public the sumptuous holiday edition of "The Cardinal's Snuffbox." The binding is beautiful in gorgeous